

*Squibb* CIL 17673  
Part 1 ✓ 111  
" 2 87.  
" 3 87  
" 4 112  
" 5 81  

---

478



TELEPHONE VANDERBILT 4000

MAR 25 1922



# THE COMMODORE

FORTY-SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE  
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL  
PERSHING SQUARE  
NEW YORK

JOHN MC E. BOWMAN  
GEORGE W. SWEENEY  
THE PRESS & MAIL

Room 341.

©CL 17673 C

"SQUIBS" /

## Synopsis.

## Characters.

Squibs	Betty Balfour
Her Father	Hugh E. Wright
The Chap	Cronin Wilson
The Cop	Fred Groves
His Ma	Mary Brough
His Pa	Ambrose Manning

Looking back, it all happened because the barrel-organ stopped in Binks's Alley and Squibs's father took a bet in the archway at the end of Sunset Road. If the barrel-organ hadn't stopped in Binks's Alley, Squibs wouldn't have stopped, either, to fling a lively toe across the pavement; and in that event she would have been well home (with the washing) by the time it all happened. Not the barrel-organ-- the other thing: by the time the other thing happened.

And if Squibs's father hadn't taken that bet in the archway at the end of Sunset Road, he wouldn't have had any need to run, and if he hadn't had any need to run, you can bet your sweet life he wouldn't have run -- Squib's father wouldn't -- trust him! And then, of course, he wouldn't have run down the length of Paradise Street (with the Cop behind) and over the wall at the bottom, and through the backyard to home. He, too, might have been well home, if he hadn't stoppe to that that bet, by the time it happened. In which case, it wouldn't have happened at all, So that, looking back, it's as well that he did, and that Squibs did, and that the barrel-organ did, and -- and everything.

So Squibs wasn't well home with the washing, but was only running as fast as her legs would take her down Paradise Street, when the Cop came running back, having lost his prey somewhere in

OK-FET

in the chaos of the dust-bins over the wall at the bottom.  
 And, of course, they bumped. No, not the dust-bins. "Oh, my!"  
 cried Squibs.  
 "Now, miss!" cried the Cop.  
 Suddenly the face of Squibs came all over cloudy. She made  
 a noise that was very, very like a snarl.  
 "Mind out!" she said. "Look what you're doin' to my 'at!"  
 The Cop moved his foot aside and looked what he was doin' to 'er  
 'at.  
 He wasn't 'alf doin' nothin' to 'er 'at, he wasn't.  
 "I say", he gasped, "I'm sorry".  
 "My Sunday 'at, at that!" she flared.  
 And if that is not as good as a formal introduction, well, then  
 we can only say that you take a lot of flyin'.  
 The Cop said it was warmer for the time of the year. Squibs  
 said "Wasn't it?" The Cop said "Was'nt it?" Squibs said "Rather"  
 The Cop said "Rather". And then nobody said anything for a  
 minute or so. So the Cop squared his shoulders and took another  
 go, intimating that we were going to have rain "Think so?"  
 said Squibs. "I think so" said the Cop. "Do you really think  
 so?" said Squibs. And there was another gap in the conversation.  
 The Cop ventured again.  
 "Don't you work at Smith Brothers?"  
 "I do not"  
 "E'II bet you do"  
 "You keep on bettin', old son"  
 "I thought I'd seen you"  
 "Well, think out antoher one, then".  
 "Don't you work anywhere, then?"  
 "Yes, I do"  
 "Oh?"  
 "Piccadilly Circus"  
 "My!" He looked at her veen more closely then: "Why, yes!  
 I know! The fountain!  
 "Course".  
 They laughed and she hitched up the washing and made the best of  
 her Sunday 'at.  
 "Well, I'LL be seein' you?" he hinted.  
 "I should'nt be a bit surprised", laughed Squibs. "You've the  
 sauce for anything".  
 After they had parte, the Cop decided that she was the jolliest  
 finest, nicest-looking.....  
 And Squibs's conclusion was that he was simply sweet, for a Cop,  
 and (for a Cop) about the bluest-eyed, pleasantest-faced,  
 nicest-looking.....  
 In Mayfair the rules are different, but the game is everywhere the  
 same.  
 Squibs reached home.  
 It was not the sort of home they write songs about. It was ever  
 so humble, and there was no place like it; but, oh! Squibs's  
 Sunday hat! -- what a kip! Sister done up like Sunday every day  
 in the bloomin' week (except Sunday, when she stayed in bed),  
 moonin' around like a lady, just as if the 'ouse 'adn't to be run.  
 Father doin' just as he something well liked from daybreak to dawn,



in the chaos of the dust-bins over the wall at the bottom. And, of course, they bumped. No, not the dust-bins. "Oh, my!" cried Squibs.

"Now, miss!" cried the Cop.

Suddenly the face of Squibs came all over cloudy. She made a noise that was very, very like a snarl.

"Mind out!" she said. "Look what you're doin' to my 'at!"

The Cop moved his foot aside and looked what he was doin' to 'er 'at.

He wasn't 'alf doin' nothin' to 'er 'at, he wasn't.

"I say", he gasped, "I'm sorry".

"My Sunday 'at, at that!" she flared.

And if that is not as good as a formal introduction, well, then we can only say that you take a lot of satisfying.

The Cop said it was warmer for the time of the year. Squibs said "Wasn't it?" The Cop said "Wasn't it?" Squibs said "Rather"

The Cop said "Rather". And then nobody said anything for a minute or so. So the Cop squared his shoulders and took another

go, intimating that we were going to have rain "Think so?"

said Squibs. "I think so" said the Cop. "Do you really think

so?" said Squibs. And there was another gap in the conversation.

The Cop ventured again.

"Don't you work at Smith Brothers?"

"I do not"

"I'll bet you do"

"You keep on bettin', old son"

"I thought I'd seen you"

"Well, think out another one, then".

"Don't you work anywhere, then?"

"Yes, I do"

"Oh?"

"Piccadilly Circus"

"My!" He looked at her veen more closely then: "Why, yes!

I know! The fountain!

"Course".

They laughed and she hitched up the washing and made the best of her Sunday 'at.

"Well, I'll be seein' you?" he hinted.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised", laughed Squibs. "You've the sauce for anything".

After they had parte, the Cop decided that she was the holliest finest, nicest-looking.....

And Squibs's conclusion was that he was simply sweet, for a Cop, and (for a Cop) about the bluest-eyed, pleasantest-faced,

nicest-looking.....

In Mayfair the rules are different, but the game is everywhere the same.

Squibs reached home.

It was not the sort of home they write songs about. It was ever so humble, and there was no place like it; but, oh! Squibs's Sunday hat! -- what a kip! Sister done up like Sunday every day in the bloomin' week (except Sunday, when she stayed in bed), moonin' around like a lady, just as if the 'ouse 'adn't to be run. Father doin' just as he something well liked from daybreak to dawn,

dawn, and sometimes doing what he didn't something well like when he was a bit too slow on the gallop, and the particular cop of the moment happened to be a good runner. The place in one long litter from one day to another, with father's feet on the table the whole of the time he wasn't doing business -- or time. And to make matters a thundering sight worse, sister's chap everlasting in and out of the place, Sister's chap! He was a bright sort of a lad, he was! Didn't do any more work that was absolutely necessary, and had decided long ago that none at all was necessary. Always had plenty of boodle, though-- and a way with him. But his face! Ask Squibs. "That ain't 'is face. It's what they put there to fill up the 'ole while they made up their minds wot to give 'im, and so the poor bloke never 'ad a proper face at all". She may have been right. She had a reputation for truthfulness, and there was evidence that the chap carried around with him.

Sister's chap one went into a picture palace and saw a "cave man stuff" film. It appealed to the art in him, and from that day is speciality was "cave man stuff". He had been chap to lots of other little ladies before he happened upon sister. Sister didn't know. She thought she was the only one; but the chap's motto was "Win 'em quick and win 'em often", and although he had decided that she was pretty well all right to be going on with, he hadn't got any silly idea about going on for ever. "Win 'em quick and win 'em often". It would soon be time for looking round for a Next One.

"Where've yer bin?" demanded father, when Squibs came panting into the room.

"Come to that" flashed Squibs "where've you been?"

"There's no dinner ready"

"Talk to Sister about that"

"She's been out with her chap. In fact, she's out now; Bloomin' dinner cawn't cook itself"

"Well, then, it 'ad better begin an' learn 'ow".

Father rose with a clenched fist.

"Talk to me like that,,,,,,Your own father -----"

Sister came in with her chap and helped the argument along with a few well-chosen and highly coloured words. For once Squibs had a supporter -- the chap; to Sister's surprise. The chap had been giving Squibs the glad for a week or more, trying to make up his mind. Now his mind was made up, and all that was needed was the opportunity. He had decided that Squibs should be the Next One.

"Give the girl a chance" he protected.

"You go an' buy a mask!" said Squibs, who had not the remotest intention of being a Next One to anybody.

And so the day wore on-- as all the other days wore on! True, there was no place like home -- like Squibs's home.

NEXT morning found Squibs at her point of duty under the little God of love in Piccadilly Circus.

"Daffodils, lady --- fresh daffodils?" But she took as much



ich notice of the lady, or the business opportunities, as the lady took of the daffodils?" Her eye was all the time on a figure in blue that was making wild traffic tame and orderly at the end of Shaftesbury Avenue.

"I'm!" she sighed.

And the figure in blue had seen her, too, and waved a hand.

"Er!" it had smiled to itself, time and again.

When trade fell slack and Squibs could decide that there would be nothing more doing for the day, she packed up and made her way to Covent Garden with her baskets. But she made her way by a strange course that led her before the traffic at the end of Shaftesbury Avenue. A blue arm shot out, and the ~~tra~~ traffic stopped dead. A princess might have been passing. And, as a matter of fact, a princess was passing. Ask the Cop. At least -- not exactly passing. For she stopped.

"Ello!"

"'Ello to you!"

And the whole round of chatter about the weather, with one or two little and choice additions. Ending with:

"See you to-morrow?"

"See yer to-morrow"

But when Saturday came this was seen to be not merely a tame but a ridiculous conclusion. It was changed to;

"And what about to-morrow?"

"Ah", said Squibs; "shan't be 'ere to-morrow"

"No moreshall I", said the Cop. "Say---wot about a day in Epping Forest?"

She did not answer. She smiled. He was answered.

"Trafalgar Square at ten o'clock then?"

She smiled again.

Sunday, then, at ten o'clock, found them shaking hands under Nelson. They found nicer things to talk about than the weather. And they walked to Liverpool Street.

But they had not reckoned with the Coal Strike. The local lines were closed for Sundays.

So they walked to the Tower.

But they had not reckoned with the Great War, which had turned even the Tower upside down, and necessitated its closing now and again to bring it up to its old pitch of perfection. Today was now and again.

So they took a 'bus to Regent's Park, and made for the "Zoo".

But they had not reckoned with the Rules and Regulations.

Only Fellows of the Society will be admitted on Sundays" read the notice. "I reckon that's a bit stiff", said Squibs.

"Why not girls as well as fellows?"

So they drifted to a nice bench under the trees of Regent's Park, and, embracing, began to unfold the old, old story.

But they had reckoned without the Women Police. Two minutes and they were out in the road again.

"This is a great day!" sighed the Cop. "Let's go to the pictures, They went.

But they had reckoned without the local council. Being Sunday the pictures were inanimate.

"Oh, hang!"

The Cop's lip was thrust out. "Do you know -- I'll hire a bike and teach you to ride at nights, and next Sunday we'll go out and see my people. They've the sweetest cottage you've ever seen -- out in Hertfordshire. What d'yer say?" She said "Umps".

A week of falls and bumps and great endeavours. A week of glads from the chap. And near the end:

"I think you ought to come and see my old man" said she. So he went and saw her old man.

"Crikey!" said father, "I seen you before somewhere".

"Last time I saw you" beamed the Cop, striving to be pally, "was when I chased you down Paradise Street, and lost you over the dust-bins".

It was not a happy touch. A coolness settled on the domestic landscape: The chap came in with Sister, and it began immediately to freeze.

Squibs saw the Cop to the door. "Bit like last Sunday" she said, attempting a laugh.

"You ought to get away from this gang", said the Cop, gravely.

"They're not good enough for you. They'll all get lagged one fine day, and then where'll you be? If you'll stay out in Hertfordshire, my folks'll have you -- I know, We'll see".

There was a fine old row waiting for Squibs when she got back inside.

"Brought 'im 'ere to spy out the land, eh?" snarled the chap,

"None o' yer bloomin' fancy copper coves for us, yer know!" roared father.

In the end, Squibs thought that Hertfordshire was a fine idea.

Sunday found her, then, beneath the thatch of Ma and Pa Cop.

It was the ideal of happiness and tranquillity. For half an hour.

But the Cop and Pa went into the garden for a pipe, and left them together..... "Who are you with, dearie?" asked Ma

Squibs's eyes opened wide.

"Who am I with? I'm with myself".

"I mean", explained Ma "You see, I've always been with the best people myself. I was three years with Lady Exe, and eleven years with Lord Why and-----"

"Oh I see" said squibs "No; I'm not in service".

"Not - in - service!" gasped Ma. "Not in Service! But - then, what are yer in?"

"Me? Piccadilly Circus. I sells flowers".

The Cop and Pa were brought in from the garden by a scream, loud and long.

"A flower gal!" screamed Ma. "A common flower gal! My boy -- Oh, my boy! A common flower gal!"

A free fight was averted, but the fat of enmity had played havoc with the fire of love. The Cop swore until by rights he ought to have arrested himself. Pa entreated and poured oil and explained and explained and explained. But Squibs ---she just packed up. After she had gone hoarse, saying a few things.

The old, old home seemed not better by comparison, but



worse. Everything seemed worse. Life was no longer worth living, Squibs sheered round at the filth and squalor that her father's habits and her sister's ladylike ways had reduced the home to; and she wondered if life had ever been worth living. Things were in a pretty mess.

And then she thought of him. Yes, life had been worth living. Just for a fortnight. Just for two weeks in a lifetime.

Squibs sighed and turned to the washing-up.

It was something of a mess, it was. Everything was. Now.

They met as usual at the end of Shaftesbury Avenue; but there was a strange coolness somewhere. No more talks of cycling. No more mention of tranquil Hertfordshire. No more anything much. The chap thought he saw his opportunity for some of the rough stuff.

Mrs Jinks's boy on the floor above had died. Two years old. Squibs and Sister and their father stood with the chap in the shabby doorway watching the pathetic funeral. There were four dry eyes. Father was drunk and thought it was a procession. The chap was the chap, and thought it all a bit of a lark.

"Nice lot o' to do," he snorted, "All over a snivellin kid!" Squibs swung round with clenched fist and fetched him one over the jaw.

"Pig!" she cried.

He fell back and stared, nursing his jaw. For a moment he was too astounded to speak, even too astounded to kick her.

Then he flared up, and passion poured from him.

"Pig, Eh?" he roared. "Pig? All right, You wait. You'll kiss the mark o' that away my fine lady, before you're too much older. 'Ear me? You'll kiss that very spot before I've done with you, my perky little sparrer. D'yer 'ear? I'll give you pig!"

And he slammed the door and went out to build plans.

"Nice mess things are comin' to", sighed father, "Happy little 'ome. Don't tell me".

A night came when father had gone a long way round to dodge trouble, and when Sister had gone out early to see a bit o' life. Squibs was alone with the mess and litter, left to make the best of what was too bad to be a bad job. There was no money in the house. There was no anything but dirt and disorder, nor was there likely to be. Father had ceased to be lucky. Sister wouldn't work anyhow. Might as well be dead. All of 'em.

The door opened. Squibs turned. The Chap!

"'Ello face!" she sneered.

He grinned and came close.

"Go on," he said, "kiss it orf"

He held her hands in a grip and thrust his jaw towards her.

"Go on, Go on", he commanded. "Right where yer 'it it. Come along my fine lassie---I gotcher alone, I've got yer. Play up".

She screamed, and the door opened again.

They both turned.

The Cop!



(7)

"Get 'im, boy!" screamed Squibs "Land 'im one",  
"You shut yer blighted ---"

The chap left it at that, and skipped across the room.  
The Cop followed, and the fight began up against the sink.  
It was a very nice fight. Harrison's confounded kid George,  
who had his nose up against the window nearly all the time, has  
given it as his opinion that it was a beauty, That is, as  
much as he saw. He did not see it all. A plate, with  
dinner wreckage attached, badly aimed by the chap, made a  
wonderful line for the window and got home. Screaming murder,  
Harrison's confounded kid George (who somehow never seemed to be  
out of trouble) took his nose round to the chemist's to see what  
could be done about it.

The Cop knocked down the chap with a sweet left, But the  
chap had been knocked down so often that it served now merely  
as an irritant. He got up with a spring and knocked the Cop  
down. They fought on the floor, they fought in the sink,  
they fought on the dinner. Squibs got lots and lots of things on  
her mind and used up a dirty plate on the chap's head every time it  
came round. It came round quite a lot. Squibs got the idea  
that it would soon be coming round with the body.

Just near the end the chap made a last attempt. He  
staggered up, waited, breathed hard, and dashed in. He made  
the most glorious attempt to put the Cop's fist out of action with  
his left temple; and then, having succeeded, he lay flat on the  
floor, took on a satisfied smile and said no more about it.

Squibs ran to the Cop and let him embrace her.

"I brought a letter from Pa", gasped the Cop, thrusting  
it into her hand; "Ma wants to make it up, if you'll go  
out there Sunday",

She beamed up into the eyes of the mighty conqueror.

"Who d'yer love?"

"You"

"Who else"

"You of course"

"Kiss us then"

THE END.

This document is from the Library of Congress  
“Motion Picture Copyright Descriptions Collection,  
1912-1977”

Collections Summary:

The Motion Picture Copyright Descriptions Collection, Class L and Class M, consists of forms, abstracts, plot summaries, dialogue and continuity scripts, press kits, publicity and other material, submitted for the purpose of enabling descriptive cataloging for motion picture photoplays registered with the United States Copyright Office under Class L and Class M from 1912-1977.

Class L Finding Aid:

<https://hdl.loc.gov/loc.mbrsmi/eadmbrsmi.mi020004>

Class M Finding Aid:

<https://hdl.loc.gov/loc.mbrsmi/eadmbrsmi.mi021002>



National Audio-Visual Conservation Center  
The Library of Congress